

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.



E. Y. Douglas

The Olio.



MAY,
1896.



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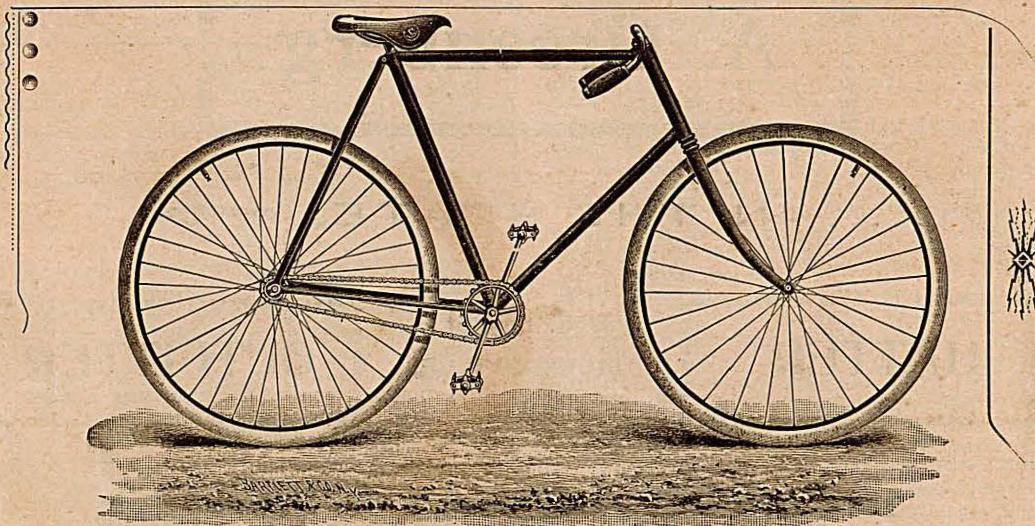
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THE OLIO.

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THE OLIO.

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Editorials.

The OLIO greets you with this issue in an entirely new outfit. We have outgrown the apparel of our infancy and have just reached the stage of the boy, putting on long trousers. We also naturally feel proud, yet are fully aware that our success is due wholly to the kindness of subscribers and advertisers.

To the former we trust we are offering something better than formerly not only in appearance but in literary merit.

While grateful to those who compliment us we appreciate more the advice of our friends who see our faults and tell us of them.

To our advertisers we are giving improved advantages in larger columns and while the rates are slightly increased are encouraged by the eagerness of the business men to secure space.

Thanking all who by substantial aid have enabled the staff to make the Olio a grand success, we bespeak for our successors the same hearty support, assuring all that our places will be more ably filled next year.

Our thanks to those few who have always been ready to help us out on "copy." It is our one regret that the scholars generally have not been eager to contribute to our columns, but hope that next year they will become aroused and interested in the Olio.

Commencement.

After weeks of essay writing, essay correcting and essay practicing, the class of '96 sat upon the stage the on night of May 28th ready to soar to lofty heights on the wings of eloquence and incidentally to graduate. Numbering nine, nerved for the grand effort, and flanked by the faculty, they appeared as the curtain rose, pale, perhaps, but that was only from the glare of the footlights.

The exercises began with a prayer by the Rev. Griffith, who with the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the President of the Board occupied seats a little behind the circle of graduates. After an earnest invocation by Mr. Griffith the orchestra played a choice selection, and then the agony of the audience began. Miss Abbie K. B. Avery, having the second honor, gave her salutatory, and though brief she welcomed heartily and sincerely those who had come to witness the last sad rites.

Miss Avery was warmly applauded and as the clamor subsided Mr. Ray C. Chapin began his speech on "Our Outlook." Mr. Chapin's enunciation was fine, a point which deserves praise, and his theme was well handled, carrying a point which touched all those interested in the D. H. S. His earnest plea for better schools and more interest among the parents in the work of their children at school more than balanced the fault of too little preparation which would have bettered his rendition.

Next came Miss Ida Patton, her chosen subject being "Poet, Novelist, Essayist." Her favorites were respectively Tennyson, Thackeray and Carlyle to all whom she paid tributes.

Miss Patton read rather rapidly, which tended to detract from the general effect of her paper, but the audience, judging from the applause given, enjoyed her recital.

Mr. Algernon C. Meyer followed Miss Patton with a thesis on the "Cathode Rays" which are exciting such interest in scientific circles. The subject has been a little overdone though and presents no field to the uninitiated for new work. Otherwise Mr. Meyer's effort was good excepting a little lack of care in the delivery. After a short interlude Miss Sara O. Freeland took her place before the audience, addressing it on "Public Opinion." Miss Freeland is an undoubted champion of her sex and she showed no mercy towards the poor "lords of creation" who were getting uncomfortable under her energetic phrases. She spoke a little low, not from lack of confidence we hope, but her allusion to the new armory and an old dilapidated school house gained her applause.

Then her plea for "Cuba Libre" opened the hearts of all—the audience to a person being in full sympathy with our little neighbor, and when Miss Freeland had finished she was cheered to the echo.

Mr. Noyes B. Cornell succeeded Miss Freeland with an essay on Ambition which was rendered well, and surprised all with the originality of thought. His one slip, greeted with a "come seven, come 'leven" from the bald headed row of Freshmen, caused the speaker no embarrassment, but rather put him at his ease. Mr. Cor-

nell's effort received due applause, and when quiet was restored Miss M. Emma Hood began her subject being "Woman's Privilege." Miss Hood started out in a most easy manner, but with an earnestness which carried her points well, and no one could believe woman to be a "social outcast" after the speaker's convincing arguments. As a new woman Miss Hood would easily attain distinction since she has proved herself so able a supporter of feminine fashions and a hoodwinker of feminine faults. As to the rendition, the energy which marked her delivery, led her into the error of fast speaking, obscuring some of the finer climaxes of her article. But poor man was roasted in a most barbarous way, despite the fact that the temperature of the evening was already getting in its work.

Miss Hood was rewarded with applause, and it is only fair to add that the gentlemen joined heartily in the encore, proving that they did not resent their unexpected treatment.

Miss Avery followed with the "Class History," it being her pleasant duty to chronicle the dates when the members of the class, as it stands at present, joined its ranks.

This honor fell to Miss Avery as the only one of the class whose connection with it dates back to the First Grade. And she made much of her "history," embellishing the recital of events with personal comments on the individual members as she took them up.

The first ones to join after Miss Avery were Misses Freeland and Patton in the Seventh Grade, and the allusion to the former brought down the house, while all agree that "Its no use attempting to describe Sadie!" VanDeman and Cornell, who joined in the Eighth enjoyed the common fate. VanDeman was honored with a few separate thrusts. Next, for the heinous crime of entering the class as Freshmen of the High School, Meyer and Freeman were put upon the spit. Freeman discovering that his pet name, which he says he had given up for lost, was only mislaid, and for the entertainment of the audience it was returned. Meyer as "a quiet Southerner" otherwise "a cracker" was spared a little, but only that the rod might descend on Chapin, who jumped to the Juniors from among the Sophs. Hailing from Chicago he was a fine mark for fun, and his fair tormentor fully appreciated the fact.

Miss Hood, the last to enroll herself with the class came in also as a Junior, and, being a young lady she was spared.

Miss Avery's efforts were greeted with applause and she bowed her acknowledgments thereto.

Last upon the program and holding the first honor was Mr. VanDeman, whose theme was "Patriotism." The subject was a fine one, and his conception still better.

Mr. VanDeman carried his hearers with him, as he contrasted the jingo with the real patriot, and showed his ideal of patriotism, he delighted the audience by his vivid pictures, and won the heartiest applause. The rendition was excellent and the whole house rang as Mr. VanDeman brought out his well rounded words. His oration was a fitting prelude to his valedictory, and as with sincere and touching words he bade farewell to the school on behalf of his class a hush fell over the audience, only to be dispelled by the most hearty applause when he had finished. After bowing his acknowledgments of the encore, Mr. VanDeman took his seat and the exercises proper were over.

Prof. Pasco after a few words of praise for his pupils presented Miss Avery and Mr. VanDeman with their second and first honor medals, then distributed the diplomas, the rewards of their study, to the class. Prof. Pasco then made his address, recalling many happy recollections and expressing his sorrow at parting with yet another class. He concluded by pronouncing the benediction and the commencement was at an end.

The graduates held an informal reception on the stage, receiving the congratulations of their friends, the young men showing their high spirits by a hearty High School yell, which in its suddenness somewhat startled the departing audience.

And so another commencement has gone into history, carrying with it many associations and happy recollections of the class of '96.

A Little of "The Olio's" History.

Eighteen years ago, and three years after a high school was established in Jacksonville, some progressive and energetic spirit conceived the idea of a school paper, probably having a premonition of the part which journalism was to play in ordinary education. To that person the D. H. S. owes a great debt, for it is always hardest to break new ground, and it is our only regret that history is dumb as regards his name, so that we cannot honor him personally.

From its origin until 1891 THE OLIO was read semi-annually before the assembled school and such visitors as were pleased to listen to a recital of the serious hops and the comicalities of the D. H. S. It was the privilege of each class to issue its first number of THE OLIO in the Junior year, and its second in the Senior year, giving two numbers to each volume, and the originals are still on file at the school, and form some of the most cherished links of our history.

In 1891 THE OLIO was so remarkable as to its literary productions that it was decided to publish it, which was accordingly done. Whether or not this step was a financial success we are in doubt, but for some good reason the experiment was not repeated.

The old plan was again pursued until, with the advent of the present class to its Senior year, came the first successful attempt to publish regularly. A meeting of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes was held last fall, and a staff of five chosen to direct and carry on the paper. With many obstacles staring them in the face, this staff set resolutely to work, organizing by the election of the present editor-in-chief and assistants, and began their labor, disguising feelings of almost certain failure beneath brave faces. And they have been rewarded well.

Not only has THE OLIO become all that was fondly hoped for, but it has even surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine, and now, at the end of its first year of its published existence, it possesses a reputation to be envied.

From a financial standpoint, also, it is a success, and it closes its books with all bills paid, an expensive copperplate purchased, and still a neat balance on hand. That THE OLIO is now thoroughly established is a fact for the D. H. S. to be proud of, and as long as the school will stick by its journal so long will that journal not only stick by but champion the cause of the students of Duval county.

Much credit is due to Mrs. Pollard and those young ladies of the Junior class who assisted in so prettily decorating the Opera House stage for commencement night.

Especial praise to Miss Upson, who conceived the general design of decoration and arrangement, which drew many compliments from a delighted audience.

The Holy Grail.

England has had many poets. No land is more famed for song or story. To its first author we are indebted for the foundation of our literature. The most profound philosophers, the most brilliant wits, the deepest thinkers and greatest writers of the English-speaking world have sprung from Albion's snowy cliffs. Gibbon has given us history, Hume philosophy, Doddridge and Paley, theology; Scott, fiction; but it remained for Tennyson to place the golden cross of his verse upon the pinnacle of the temple of English literature.

It has been said, and in many cases proved true that every writer is influenced by his surroundings. A poet, to be a poet, must necessarily have an imaginative temperament, easily influenced by his environment. But when he rises superior to mere surroundings, and upon the wings of imagination, sends his soul into the realms of fancy, though his body is encompassed by the commonplace and material, he displays a higher talent and greater ability than most of his brethren. This is what Tennyson does and this is why he stands upon a higher plane than the others of his day.

He was untrammelled by any limitation of time or place. Unlike Byron, who was forced to seek the inspiration of travel, Tennyson sat in his modern English home, and at the touch of his magic pen, lo! knights of the ancient time appear and perform feats of daring, rescuing fair maidens, destroying evil, establishing good, almost like to gods in courage, strength and prowess. He shows his reader untold marvels, wonderful luxury, strange adventures; yet the human element is obvious and he does not hesitate to befool the name of the greatest spirit of those whom he created, with the taint of dishonor—treachery to his king, betrayal of the man.

Tennyson is most essentially a poetic poet. Before you smile in your conscious superiority, most sapient reader, and exclaim, "naturally," consider what constitutes poetry. Some write poetry which is but rhyme and meter. Again it is made the vehicle of instruction, and becomes that most wearisome thing—didactic poetry, or it is used to express the author's religious belief or his gloomy views as in Young's "Night Thoughts."

But Tennyson conceived the true mission of poetry, to elevate, to ennoble, to inculcate in the mind a concept of the beauty of chivalric courtesy, truth and honor. He does this in two ways by showing this one first and then displaying the other beside it.

Tennyson is a poetic poet. Why, again? He is poetic once more in two ways. First, in his language, which is more expressively poetic than that of any other author. Second, his figures are most beautiful and appropriate. His theme is a beautiful one and he touches upon its salient points with a master's hand. His genius shows in every expression in the Holy Grail. It is a great work of a great artist.

The Sleeping Kings.

The breath that swelled the bugle-blast,
Or woke the war-cry's stormy thrill,
Tho' cold the breasts it kindled last,
Is heard in Freedom's anthems still.

Our sacred slain! In death they won
A cause whose justice never dies;
And all our land from sun to sun
Is radiant with their sacrifice.

First heroes of a final strife,
The proud degrees of fame they fill,
Ennobled from the files of life
To kings by right of brave good will.

Each rules in sleep a conquered realm.
We ask not here what pillowed head
Wore corded hat or feathered helm.
They all are crowned among the dead.

We own their sway; our homage decks
With offerings sweet their chambers green;
Their scepters touch our reverent necks
As round their silent thrones we lean.

No tears for them. Imperial yet
Their honors bloom with rich increase;
And all a nation's love is set
To guard their palaces of peace.

Bring tribute to their perished prime,
Their country's loss, our freedom's gain;
And wreathed with fairest flowers of Time,
In glory let them rest and reign.

—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

"Come seven"—Cornell on Commencement night?

Ask the Senior boys boys what they did after the graduating exercises were over.

Where are those class pins?

What was the matter with S-d-e's eyes the morning after the Empire Drill?

Prof. (translating) "*animam efflavit*," literally, "he blew out his soul."

Where did Chapin go in such a hurry after Commencement was over?

In Literature Class—"Miss Hood, you may take Holland's life." Is murder rampant in the D. H. S.?

Miss Weed of the Freshmen, is a late disciple of the iron steed. Rumor has it that she found it "balky."

It is reported that Miss Clough has written a book, and that it is to be published this summer.

The Freshman who said "none of us ain't got no knowledge," evidently had some ground for his statement.

In the recent exams, there was but one paper receiving the mark 100. That one was Miss Elizabeth Fleming's, and was in Algebra.

How did the Freshmen like their exams?

Hush little Freshmen, don't you cry,
You'll be a Senior, by and by.

The Freshmen have John Smith, but where is Pocahontas?

Masters Bunting and Stockton and Miss Burritt, '99ers, withdrew at the beginning of the last month.

Miss Ada Miller has left the city for her home.

Miss Agnes Searing intends leaving for the West in a short time.

The annual supper of the members of the OLIO staff will be held in the near future, and then—won't you wish you were eligible for an invitation?

On the morning of the day before commencement the Hon. W. A. Bours of the Board of Public Instruction, held a orthographical contest at the school offering a prize for the best paper. It was won by Miss Avery with Mr. VanDeman as second, both missing one word, the judges deciding that Miss Avery's paper should have the honor because of its more neat appearance.

The class of '97, imbued with the sense of its great importance since commencement, has already begun to style itself the Senior Class. In their hurry its members forget ordinary courtesy and their haste to shove the class of '96 into the realms of Alumni is hardly polite. The argument that a man holding a ticket to a performance is not a part of the audience until he attends has no dampening effect on their arrogance, nor does there seem to be any way to convince them of their position. The Seniors are not resentful, but are willing to wait for their revenge, which will come when the proud class of '97 takes its place on the stage to present its one act comedy to a long suffering public.

The boys of the Class of '96 instituted a new feature of graduation for the D. H. S. by giving a class supper shortly after commencement. The supper was held at the residence of F. M. VanDeman, and the whole class, with the exception of Miss Patton, was present. The affair proved most enjoyable. Wit and humor flashed from one end of the table to the other, glasses clinked and corks popped in the most approved fashion. The young gentlemen proved themselves marvels of eloquence and, incidentally reflected much credit upon the society wherein they have received their training. Among the toasts given were "THE OLIO," "The Faculty," "The School House, and Its Memories," "Our Class," "Woman, Lovely Woman," etc. We hope that the Seniors of next year will follow the precedent which has been established as these customs serve to unify the class and leave memories of school life which never fade.

Messrs. Chapin, Cornell, Meyer, Van Deman and Freeman of the Senior Class and Pitzer, a former member of the same class, are preparing to celebrate their release from active school work by going on a two weeks' hunting and fishing trip. They expect to start on the 9th and will pitch camp at the head waters of Pablo Creek, from which headquarters they say they will make destructive advances upon any game bearing scales, hide or feathers in the vicinity. Well, gentlemen, do not impose on our credulity, but bring along serious statements, if you are going to tell of your adventures when you return.

The reception to the Senior and Junior classes, given by Prof. Pasco at his home on May 29th was a most delightful affair. The invitations read from 5 until 8, but Professor told us quietly that we might stay just as long as we pleased. And we did, having a jolly good time. The Senior young ladies left a little early but the charming Juniors entertained us in real royal style, so that it was with regret that the evening came to a close. The last hour was spent in singing, and we Seniors could not but feel sad even in the midst of such jollity, knowing that with the end of the evening our active connection with the D. H. S. would be over. To Prof. Pasco, as host, and the rest of the Faculty, as most able entertainers, is due all praise for a long-to-be-remembered occasion.

On Tuesday evening, May 19th, the final regular meeting of the P. L. S. was held at Prof. Pasco's, with a full attendance of the members and a number of alumni present. After a short business session, to close up the year, the society adjourned to the supper table, where most excellent refreshments were ready. After a short discussion with the eatables, speeches were called for and toasts responded to by the members, who entered heartily into the program. Prof. Pasco's toast, "To all whom we've forgotten to mention," was the climax, and it was pledged willingly. The evening was a most enjoyable one, remarkable for the speeches made and the wit and humor apparent everywhere, and all regretted that such occasions can come but once a year.

The faculty of the Riverside school entertained the teachers of the city last month. The reception was a most enjoyable affair and reflects credit on the Riverside teachers.

As usual the close of school has witnessed a general scattering of teachers and pupils who for the past eight months have spent so many hours of each day together within the walls of the D. H. S. It would require more extended columns than are at our disposal to tell the whereabouts of the pupils during the vacation. Our principal, Professor Pasco, will spend two months in Tallahassee at the head of the summer Normal for teachers, at the close of which he will go North to visit relatives and friends in Massachusetts.

Professor Chapin will open a private school in the city.

Mrs. Pollard will spend the summer at Villa Alexandria with Mrs. Alexander Mitchell.

Miss Caplinger goes to her old home in Indiana.

Mr. Rosser will enter the bookstore of DaCosta & Co.; later in the season he will go North.

The examination of applicants for West Point and Annapolis was held recently in Jacksonville under the supervision of a committee appointed by Congressman C. M. Cooper, consisting of Captain E. H. Cabaniss of the U. S. A., Commandant of the East Florida Seminary; Professor H. P. Baya of the State University and Mr. W. B. Clarkson of this city.

The readers of the OLIO will be interested to learn that the successful candidate for West Point was Mr. Clarence H. Knight, up to a year ago a member of the D. H. S., and that Mr. Fred M. Van Deman is his alternate. Our "Fred" took his finals and won the first honor in the Class of '96, and hence had little time for a review of the studies required for West Point. Both boys reflect honor on their alma mater.

Master John Smith left on May 31st for the North. He will spend the summer in New England.

The following interesting piece of information was furnished by a D. on examination: "After Charlemagne's death his kingdom was divided between Lycurgus, Salamander and other famous generals." Another calmly remarks that Louis XVI succeeded Queen Elizabeth.

The boys have the D. H. S. yell down fine and rattle it off in great shape.

Try this: Rah! Rah! Rah!

Aint we fine
D. H. S. '99."

Miss Ada Miller left as soon as the examinations were over for her home in Francis.

There will be twice as many boys in the "C" class next year, as Willie McQuaid expects to join them.

The last day of school the C.'s suddenly became possessed of an irresistible desire to flourish their own colors. After all was over, and while good byes for the year were being said, they held a meeting and appointed a committee. No doubt they are satisfactorily supplied by this time.

Alumni.

The following have pursued their studies at other institutions after leaving the D. H. S. Our record begins with '86, because there is no complete data before that time:

'86.

Ralph Paine, at Yale.
Wm. Frazier, at Emory.

'87.

John C. Fairlie, at Harvard.

'89.

Fred. L. Pasco, at Emory.
Wm. M. Bostwick, at University of the South.
M. A. Brown, Law Course, at the University of Virginia.

'91.

Gus. Muller and Sam. J. Pasco, at Eastman Business College.
Hoyle Haddock, at Baltimore Medical College.
Robt. L. Baker, at Washington and Lee.
Miss Eva Murphy, at Oswego Normal School.

'92.

Miss C. Irwine and A. M. Fairlie, at Delaware College.
Geo. W. Bell, at the Boston University.
Miss Alice M. Sawyer, at Vassar.
Purley Burritt, at Tulane.

'93.

John W. Dodee, at Davidson College.

'94.

Ansel R. Kinne, at Syracuse University.
R. D. and J. H. Stephens, at the University of Georgia.

Chas. P. Sumner, at University of Virginia.

'95.

Leroy W. Walter, at the Medical Department University of Pennsylvania.
Miss Georgia Dawkins, at Staunton.

A Royal Wedding.

Peter Potash was a citizen respected far and wide. When Miss Phosphoric Acid smilingly became his bride.

The years dealt with them kindly—though the lady ran to bone;

With Potash fat enough for both, life sang a hearty tone.

Their two adopted daughters, Cow Pea and Beggar Weed,

Were prettier than any peach, yet Potash often said

He envied neighbor Nitrogen each big and strapping son,

Organic and G. Mineral—big fellows—full of fun,

But purposeless and lazy, with a clumsy wish and crude,

To imitate the manners of a brainless city dude.

"If I could have those fellows," said old Potash to his wife,

"I'd sharpen their ambition till it cut things like a knife."

But even as he grumbled, up the path came walking free,

As handsome a procession as you'd ever care to see;

Beggar Weed and Organic, in a perfect frame of mind,

With Cow Pea and his brother but a step or two behind;

How old man Potash chuckled—he was tickled half to death—

While dame Phosphoric Acid smiled herself all out of breath.

And so the brothers, Nitrogen, have dropped their lazy life

To form a "balanced ration" with old Potash and his wife.

—Southern Ruralist.

Misses Gifford and Harwick expect to spend a part of the summer in the mountains; Miss Hemming hopes to go to White Sulphur Springs.

Misses Brown and Monson returned to their homes in Mandarin shortly after the term was finished.

The Juniors have resolved that their colors are too beautiful to be concealed any longer, and so now are always decorated with them.

The Senior room will be well filled next year should the class of '97 remain as at present. It is one of the largest that has ever finished Junior year, and would make a fine graduating class.

The Juniors wish to thank the boys who helped them decorate the Opera House. Their assistance, either personal or by contributions was much appreciated.

Have you heard Freeman's crash?

"Well, here we are; and so and so!"

Ask Miss F-l-d how she liked the encampment.

Answers to Correspondents.

In reply to your inquiry, Mr. H. R-r, we think a "safety razor" is the best for inexperienced persons. Plaster is found beneficial for cuts.

Yes, Bones, we think it improper for you to be

seen so much in the company of Miss D-n-y. Remember it's leap year, James, and besides, Dick is still in the ring.

We have it on good authority Miss LeB-r-n, that *he* is going to move to this side of the river. You need have no further fear of a long separation.

No, S-d-e, we do not know H-k-y's address.

It is considered perfectly correct Murphy, to walk home with a young lady, after being introduced, without waiting for a rainy day.

R. C. C.—In reply to your query as to which street leading to East Duval affords the easiest walking, we would say that you are doubtless better informed than we, and consequently we can be of no assistance to you in this matter.

The Freshmen Want to Know—

Why Mr. Rosser wore such a broad smile during the recent examinations, when everyone else felt so blue.

What became of Bunting's book of comedies.

Why John Smith never wore those long trousers to school.

In what history it was found that "Hannibal was a famous Roman general."

If Miss Walker always knew those questions in Rhetoric.

Why Seymour is so inquisitive.

If they will have to sit in the yard next year.

Why their reporters never find some new jokes.

The Classes.

Now that the school session is finished and the anxiety attendant upon the examinations is past, all are anticipating the happiness of the summer vacation. To every one it will be a needed rest, but to some an unappreciated one. To our Seniors that were, our newly made Alumni, it must seem that they have reached the port of the land-locked harbor in which they have been sailing so peacefully for past years, that they are now dropping their good pilot and waiting for him to push off before commencing the stormy voyage of the future.

The other classes await with eagerness the coming scholastic year. The Juniors will have reached that long anticipated goal for at last they will be Seniors. Then, there'll be no upper classmen to tell them to behave themselves. The Sophs. will have climbed to one more round in their little ladder and beside they will have no more Geometry to puzzle them. But probably the change is more welcome to those, in their own opinion, much abused beings, the Freshmen. That they will no longer be the scorn and laughing stock of the school delights them, but that they may be able to scorn and to laugh at next year's Freshmen delights them still more.

There are so many delightful things which may be done during the summer that our boys and girls find it hard to choose. Many of our more ambitious pupils and, of course those who failed to pass, will spend the summer in study. Many say that they would like to sleep away the summer, in order, we suppose, that the time may pass away more quickly and that they may seem, in their dream life to gather once more in the dear old school. Many will go to the mountains, others will spend their vacation at the seashore;

those who have come to our school from a distance will return to their homes and some will spend their vacation at home. May they all find pleasure in their different pursuits and gather once more in October to commence a new year which we hope will be twice as pleasant, if that is possible, as the past one has been.

Not a Real Empress.

Mlle. Eugenie de Montijo, raised by her marriage to Napoleon III. to the throne of France, was a beautiful, brilliant and impulsive lady, who readily performed the superficial duties of an empress. She was splendid, she was gracious, she was generous, she was spirited but despite the ability to assume the manner of dignity at special moments, she was not truly a dignified woman, and still less a sovereign fitted to grapple with the affairs of state. She never influenced national policy except to disaster, and in her court she set an example of extravagance and folly which wrought incalculable harm.

Miss Bicknell, in her recent interesting description of life in the Tuileries, relates a number of characteristic anecdotes of the empress and her court. One of her most intimate friends was the audacious and eccentric Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, whose high rank and lofty birth led her to feel herself above the necessity of observing ordinary rules of etiquette.

She permitted herself extraordinary freedom both in speech and action, and did not refrain from sharp remarks about her imperial friend. When the fashion had just been introduced for ladies to wear their dresses looped up over short, gay under-petticoats, peasant fashion, and the empress was considering whether she might follow in her own person a style picturesque, coquettish and becoming certainly, but rather suitable to a soubrette than a sovereign, the princess gave her voice for the new costume in opposition to the opinion of most of the ladies of the palace.

One of them remonstrated with her afterward, asking reproachfully, "Would you give the same advice to your empress?"

"Oh, no!" replied Princess Metternich, with cutting carelessness. "But the case is quite different—the Empress Elizabeth is a real empress!"

The old French aristocracy held the same opinion, and their witty criticisms and persistent keeping aloof from Eugenie's mushroom court wrung from her the bitter exclamation:

"Those people all seem to despise me, and to look down upon me as an inferior; and yet surely the 'blue blood' of Spain is worth something!"

Naturally, under such circumstances, she welcomed every opportunity to make an advantageous public impression, as well as to break the monotony of a life which she soon found formal and wearisome. Miss Bicknell relates the unexpected result of one such effort. The arrival was announced of an ambassador from Persia.

"Usually," she says, "a queen consort never appeared officially on such occasions; but the empress decided that she would be present in state, with all her ladies about her in full court dress, which she herself would also wear, with a profusion of jewels. Everything was settled according to her wishes. She was present at the reception of the embassy, seated in imperial state and looking very beautiful. When the Persian

ambassador retired, one of the French gentlemen who had escorted him into the imperial presence asked what he thought of the empress.

"The empress!" he exclaimed, with contemptuous astonishment. "I did not look at her. It is beneath my dignity to look at a woman. I saw only the emperor!" — Youth's Companion.

"Dreams! Dreams!"

Soon after Disraeli had quitted the active arena of the House of Commons for the "gilded mausoleum" of the House of Lords he was visited at his house by his friend, Lord Gower. The two men sat by the fire in the grate, and the ex-Premier talked of his own political career. At last he ceased talking, and, gazing abstractedly into the burning coals, muttered: "*Dreams! dreams!*"

The mournful, half-audible exclamation is suggestive. Apparently it indicated that he who had for long, laborious years devoted himself to his country found in that fact no solid satisfaction. Is that the usual fate of retired statesmen?

The incident is quoted by Mr. Tuckerman as a thought-provoking addition to his account of an interview with William H. Seward, published in "Personal Recollections of Notable People."

While Mr. Seward, in 1872, was suffering from paralysis at his home in Auburn, New York, Mr. Tuckerman went out of his way to pay his respects to the veteran statesman. He found him unable to use his arms and legs, but with his mental faculties unimpaired. For the two days the guest enjoyed the statesman's hospitality he was entertained with reminiscences and anecdotes.

When he was departing Mr. Seward took him aside and said: "Now tell me what I can do for you. If I possess any influence with the present administration, I am at your service."

Mr. Tuckerman replied that the only service he could do for him was to get better health at his earliest convenience, and to let the world hear from him occasionally.

"Do you mean to say," asked Mr. Seward, "that you came out of your way to visit a broken-down old man like me without a single interested motive beyond that of seeing me?"

He noticed that his guest was annoyed by the implication, and added, with emotion, "I do not have many such visitors nowadays."

Those last words lingered in the guest's ears. "Was his," he asked himself, "no exception to the fate that too often overtakes the retired statesman?" — Youth's Companion.

A Cabinet Meeting of the Period When Women Shall Steer the Ship of State.

A servant said the President would be down as soon as she finished trying on her dress.

The Attorney-General took out her knitting and said: "Well, I might as well be working. No telling how long we'll have to wait."

Eager attention on the part of the Cabinet interrupted by the servant's announcement:

"Her Excellency, the President of the United States."

"Good morning, ladies."

"Good morning, Mrs. President."

[All in chorus.] "Oh! what a lovely dress!"

"Yes," said the President, "I thought I would just wear it down and let you all see it. It

is pretty, isn't it? Just look at the hang of the train."

"It's perfectly magnificent," said the Secretary of War. "Those fine pleating of crepe de chine give it such a lovely finish. But isn't it just a little short in front?"

"Why, of course," said the President, with some asperity, "I have them all made that way, so as not to have to change when I ride my bicycle."

"I hope its all silk," said the Attorney-General, sticking her knitting needle through her back hair while she rubbed a piece of the dress between her thumb and finger. "Did you save me a piece for my crazy quilt?"

"Oh, yes," said the President, affably, "and now let's get to work, ladies. I haven't much time this morning; I have to sit for my picture at 1 o'clock."

"The most important business I know of," said the Secretary of State, "is to decide on a Minister to the Court of St. James. You know Lowell has asked to be recalled."

"Oh! yes; I forgot all about that," said the President. "Whom shall we send?"

"If it had only been earlier," said the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, reflectively, "I would have gone myself, but the season is over by this time, and then, I get so horribly seasick."

"It will be hard to get any one to go," observed the Secretary of War.

"I am told the climate is so damp that your hair never stays in curl at all."

"Is that so?" asked the President, apprehensively. "Well, we must send some one. And then," the President went on, "there's Germany to provide for."

"Oh, what's the use of sending any one to Germany, Mrs. President?" asked the Secretary of War.

"Oh, don't you know," said the Secretary of State, "there's Herr Most, and Pork, and Lasker, and Bismarck and all those things to talk about."

"I know there was a color called Bismarck some years ago," said the Secretary of the Treasury, meditatively as she sorted her crewels, "but it was hideously unbecoming."

"But there is a new red brown this fall," said the Postmaster General, eagerly, "that's just perfectly lovely for a dark complexion, though I think myself, nothing wears as well as the old seal brown."

"Speaking of seal brown," said the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, "how about the Commissioner who was sent to Alaska to provide us all with sealskin dolmans? It's getting pretty cool; the frost touched my tuberose last night."

The Cabinet having unanimously resolved to hasten the Commissioner in this work, adjourned as 1 o'clock struck, the President being forced to hasten to keep her appointment.

Spanish Spy Caught.

There was a Spanish spy caught on board the Three Friends the other day. Despite the vigilance of the watchman the spy concealed himself in the tug's hold. One of the hands on the boat happened to go down into the hold and there he found the spy in a small box of brand. He was made a prisoner and was tied by one leg with a piece of twine.

Laconic Policeman.

The examination of police roundsmen by the board of police commissioners of New York, in connection with that board's recent investigation has developed many queer phases of character. Few of the men show any reluctance to relate their own brave achievements; but one day President Roosevelt examined a roundsman of German nativity who had this rare quality.

"Roundsman," asked the president, "who promoted you?"

"De board have done it," answered the man.

"But at the instance of which commissioner?"

"Nod any; de board have done it."

"Well, I want to know the exact reason for your promotion."

"Maybe it was because I safed a voman and some children from a house vat burned down."

"Oh, indeed! And have you ever done anything else of that kind?"

"No."

"Were you ever hurt in the service?"

"Vonce I proke my leg."

"How?"

"Runaway."

"What became of the runaway?"

"I stopped id."

"Ever hurt otherwise?"

"Vonce."

"And how was that?"

"I haf a bullet in me."

"How did you get it?"

"A gang."

"What became of the gang?"

"Arresded. De leader haf ten years."

"How many arrests have you made during the last year?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Cannot you give us an idea?"

"I don'd know how many in a year. I haf made seventy last month."

"That will do, officer."

A New York paper says that the remarks made by the president of the commission did not indicate that the policeman had seen his last promotion.—Youth Companion.

Personals.

Miss Frances D. Clarke of the class of '97 leaves at the end of this month for Montgomery, Ala., where she will visit Misses Edna and Sadie Howells.

Miss Maidie Brown, '97, has returned to her home in Mandarin after spending the winter with Mrs. T. Hartridge.

Miss Ella Burroughs, '97, will spend the summer at Pablo Beach.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he bumped his toe against the bed."
? ! X ! ! ! ! ?

One of the many advantages of THE OLIO being published instead of read before the school as formerly, is that it spares the blushes of one and all. Now the girls can retire with a copy of THE OLIO to some secluded spot and read about themselves unblushingly while the boys—well they never blush.

A Patriot.

Few men, not endowed with brilliant ability, have left behind them a more honorable or distinguished record than M. Victor Duruy, a French statesman and scholar who died recently at the age of eighty-three. His life was an exemplification of rewards which may wait on the faithful obedience of the Scriptural maxim, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

He began, as many another young scholar has begun, as a teacher. Here, in the performance of his duty, he once had occasion to turn out of his class Victorien Sardou, who afterward became a famous writer. Young Sardou had failed to get some part of a lesson in Egyptian history, and had said to Monsieur Duruy that he "thought he might profitably omit it."

"But I," said Duruy, "as your teacher, am the sole judge as to that."

"And I, since it is I who have to learn, ought to have some choice in the matter," Sardou answered.

This impertinent remark earned for Sardou the suspension which he received. Sardou, as a man of genius obtained early the literary distinction which caused him to be chosen a member of the French Academy—the "forty immortals;" and when Duruy, in his old age, as a crown of a laborious life, was proposed as a member of the same body, Sardou supported him cordially, and he was elected.

Duruy, as an eminent and practical educator, was wanted by the Emperor Napoleon III, as minister of public instruction. The emperor sent for him, and proposed to him to enter the ministry.

"But, your majesty," Duruy answered, "I have taken very little part in politics—"

"So much the better," said the emperor.

"And what part I have taken has been against you."

"No matter," said Napoleon, "you are the man I want for minister of public instruction."

Duruy took the place, and worked hard in it, still doing with all his might the work that came to his hand. In the war with the German in 1870 there was no political work for him to do. For the time after the surrender of Napoleon, all who had been in the government were discredited. So at the age of sixty, Duruy enlisted in the National Guard, as a private soldier.

One evening, in September, 1870, Jules Simon, then minister of public instruction, was entering the ministry when he thought he noticed that the soldier on guard at the door, who presented arms to him had a familiar face. He paused and looked steadily at him.

"Duruy!" he exclaimed, "is that you?"

"It is I—Duruy," the soldier answered.

"A common soldier?"

"A common soldier. One can't be a minister always."

"But I see that one can always serve as an example."

Duruy smiled, and stood at salute while his successor entered the building. It was not until fourteen years after, that he was elected a member of the academy—the highest honor in literature or learning, that a Frenchman can hope to attain. It is possible that the fact that Duruy had always stood ready to do his duty, no matter in what direction it lay, had much to do with his elevation to this honor.—Youth's Companion.

OLIO ADVERTISEMENTS.

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LOST—In Logic class, equanimity. Finder please return to Miss Freeland and receive reward.

LOST—A member of the Senior Class. Age about 18 years, height 5 feet 6 inches, left foot slightly enlarged, speaks with a French accent but hails from Cork. Last seen in the hole at logic examination. No reward.

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WANTED—An extra-sized hat to fit No. 5, Senior Class.

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WANTED—Everyone to subscribe for the OLIO next year.

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The Tramp Question.

In the *Senior* for last month we find a wail of despair over the "Tramp Question" and with a fellow feeling for our Northern brothers, want to help them over their problem, if possible.

In this city, the means employed to free us from these pests is quick and effectual, when once the offenders are apprehended, this being accomplished on a charge of vagrancy, which, of course, is a crime throughout our country. As soon as the hoboes are brought in, they are given a trial before the municipal court, and then are sentenced to ten, twenty or thirty days in the chain gang, longer terms being given for more aggravated offences. This chain gang is employed daily in cleaning up our streets, and when once a tramp, with his inborn distaste of anything savoring of manual labor, has served a term in it, unless he be hard pushed indeed for food or shelter, he never wishes to repeat the experiment.

This settlement of a vexed question has been very efficacious here, and well may it be, for without it we should be overrun with 'gentlemen of leisure' who come South for their health.

Being the metropolis of the State, Jacksonville is their objective point, but a taste of our chain gang has had the effect of almost entirely freeing our city from a decidedly unwelcome class of winter travel.

Exchange Column.

As this number is the last to be issued by the present staff, we take the opportunity of thanking the many journals which have so kindly exchanged with us, and hope that next year will again find them, welcome visitors, on the exchange table of THE OLIO.

Student Life says that it looks as though many of the school papers were saying up for commencement. Student Life is about right. THE OLIO congratulates Canton High on winning the I. H. S. A. pennant.

Essex School Journal contains a clever article on "The Russell Paper Mills" of Lawrence, Mass.

The Sunbeam should be enlarged. The literature is good, but we would suggest to Mr. Gibbs that he obtain a few ads, and quadruple the size of his paper.

The Greer Collegian too has much taffy in its exchange column, or rather half column. We fear the editor does not read his exchanges carefully enough. There's nothing better in the world than a little honest praise; and a good bit that is worse than a little friendly criticism. The poem by Minna Irvin in the Collegian is well worth reading.

From Vedette, Janesville, Wis.: "It is to be hoped that we may send a delegation of young ladies to Beloit field day exercises who will not look like a lot of 'superannuated spinsters.'"

We did not know that the editors of the Vedette could be so ungallant.

Acta Diurna is with us again. This admirable paper is noted for its punctuality. This is the month of June and the April number has just been filed on our table. F. P. Delgado is evidently following in the steps of Frank R. Stockton.

Subscribers must be paying their dues by the manner in which our contemporaries are coming to us. Some which we first knew as papers are now published as magazines, and many have improved wonderfully. Among the latter is The Hatchet. Leavenworth High now has a paper of which it can be proud.

Our namesake, The Olio, Orono, Maine, visits us for the first time. We are glad to enter it upon our exchange list.

In every way *High School Times* is one of our first-class papers. Dayton High is to be congratulated upon the selection of next year's staff, especially in the choice of editors-in-chief. The honor has been conferred upon Mr. Clark Sullivan, who so ably edited the exchange column during the past year. The OLIO wishes the *Times* every success.

We acknowledge the receipt of Monthly Visitor, Golden Dawn, Normal Forum, Tid-Bits, Hillsdale College Herald, Distaff, Olio, Calendar, New Hampshire College Monthly, The Hatchet, Senior, Cadet Bugle, Mankatonian, Villa de Laura Times, Normal Thought, Aquinas, High School Bulletin, High School Advance, High School Times, Florida School Exponent, High School Gazette, Morris Academy Mirror, Essex School Journal, Vedette, Greer Collegian, Student Life and Sunbeam.

One of our new exchanges is the Hastings Collegian, Hastings, Nebraska. It is a newsy little journal, and we can safely say that the inside is not nearly as green as the outside.

She sat on the steps at eventide,

Enjoying the balmy air;

He came and said, "May I sit by your side?"

And she gave him a vacant stair.

The Morris Academy Mirror for May contains several of Prof. Charles D. Platt's "Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution," which are very good indeed.

High School Gazette, Lock Haven, Penn., comes to us this month with a very neat cover. The Exchange column is one of our best.

Filibustering Expedition.

Messrs. Cornell, Meyer, VanDeman, Freeman and Chapin, are reported to have boarded the tug Otto, at the mouth of Pablo Creek, and are now on their way to Cuba to fight for the independence of the island. These are noble young men and if they have gone you will hear good results from them.

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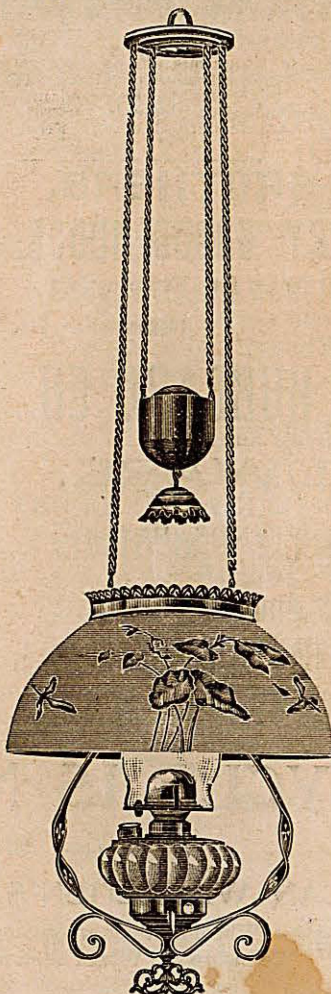
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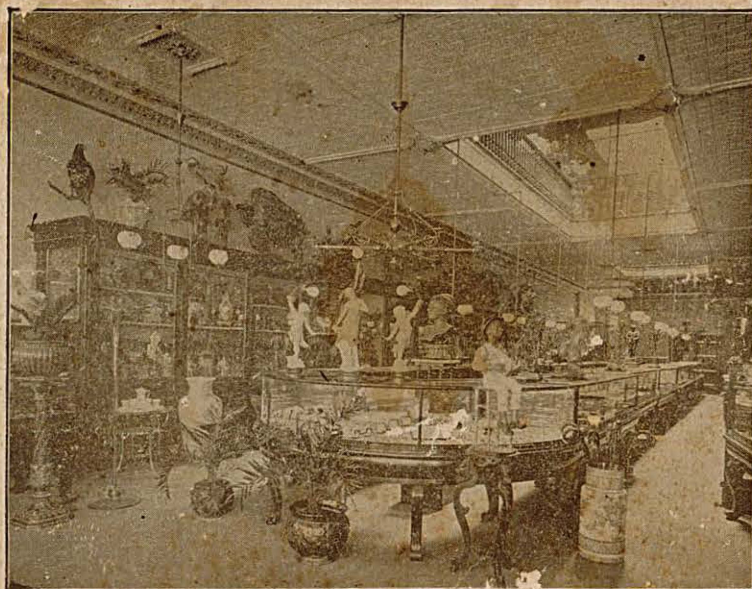
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